

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

Advice to Boys.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys!
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manner and mind, boys.
The man gentle in mien,
Words and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys.
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening," and "cranning;"
In fun and in earnest be true, boys.

STORY TELLER.

THE WHISPERING TEMPTER.

CHAPTER I.

"John Mumford, I ought to tie you and whip you half to death, you good-for-nothing thing. You promised me that you wouldn't drink anything to-day, and here you are half drunk."

These words were addressed to me by my wife, Maud. As she stood surveying me, she didn't look much as though she would come into the garden, unless it might be that she was looking for a bean pole with which to belabor my head. My conception of a Maud was a creature of bright-eyed gentleness, whose hair in ringlets reached down and toyed with a shell-like ear. Well, my Maud had, previous to our marriage, been something like this, but now—well, poor girl, I suppose she had had trouble enough to effect so great a change. I was a newspaper scribbler, and it was my sketches of domestic happiness—written while I roomed over a beer saloon—that first caused her to take an interest in me. My habits were not above reproach, but I would have been indignant had any one called me a drunkard. I first met Maud at a church fair. When she learned that I was the man, who wrote "so charmingly," she warmed toward me, and smiled so sweetly that I surrendered at once.

I thought of all this, as I sat looking at her.

"Maud, did I promise you that I wouldn't drink anything to-day?"

"Yes, you did, and now you are half drunk."

"Well, if I hadn't promised you, I might have been whole drunk."

She glared at me. "If you could see yourself you would never drink again. Sitting there blinding your eyes."

"Of course. Can't blind anything else. Don't expect me to blind my ears, do you?"

"Oh, shut your mouth!"

"Maud, that's no way to treat a man. Draw him into a discussion, and then tell him to shut his mouth. You are getting to be a regular scold. When Hopkins goes home after taking a few inspiring drinks, his wife speaks kindly to him."

"She's a fool, if she does."

"Oh, no, she's not a fool. Graduated with honors, I understand. Writes a very good hand, and came very near having one of her poems printed in a semi-weekly paper."

"She lets that drunken brute lead her by the nose."

"Oh, no, it's not as bad as that."

"Yes, it is. I'd just like to see a man run over me."

"Oh, well, there's no danger of any man trying to run over you. I'd like to have a snack to eat if you have anything handy."

"You know where the kitchen is."

"Yes, my knowledge of locality is very fair."

I took up a hand-lamp, and went into the kitchen. A gust of wind extinguished the light, and not having a match, I decided that rather than return to the sitting-room, I would eat in darkness. When I returned to the room, where my wife sat, I stepped around with such agility that I thought it might be a good idea to convince her of my soberness.

"Did you find anything?"

"Yes, feasted sumptuously, thank you. Say, there's something the matter with our well. I took a drink of water just now, and it almost gagged me."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the bucket in the kitchen."

She laughed.

"What are you laughing at me for, Maud?"

"Why, John, that is a bucket of brine."

"Maud, fix the bed. Reckon I am a trifle off."

CHAPTER II.

The next morning, just before starting down town, I kissed Maud very tenderly. She did not encourage my caresses, but she allowed her head to rest on my shoulder. "Girl, I won't drink anything to-day."

"That's what you said yesterday."

"Don't remind me of broken promises. Help me to keep the one I now make. I will not drink anything to-day. Have faith in me now, just this one time more."

"I will this time, John," putting her arms around my neck. "Oh, if you knew how I love you—"

"There, Maud, don't cry. I can stand your scolding better than I can your tears."

I wonder if there can be a personal devil, who stands at the elbow, and whispers in the ear of frail humanity? I had not been at work more than half an hour, when—involuntarily, it seemed—I arose, walked to a saloon, and took a drink. I had not that burning thirst of which temperance lecturers speak; I would not have acknowledged that my desire to drink was beyond my control. I don't think why I drank. Then I wanted another. The work of the whispering tempter was not now required. Had he turned his pernicious breath into good counsel he could not have prevented me. I did not go home to dinner. I sent a note to Maud telling her I was too busy. I was. I was discussing with a low-browed fellow, who wore canvas trousers, the advisability of calling a constitutional convention. I did not go home until late at night. Maud was in bed. She said nothing, but I heard her sob. "Wretch," I thought, "why does not some one kill me."

I was very sick the next morning. While I was heaving, and while the perspiration of agony was standing on my purple brow, Maud remarked:

"I don't care if you are sick. It's good enough for you."

I had nothing to say. All my arguments, tied up with blue strings, were stored away where I could not reach them.

"Henry will soon be large enough to imitate the example of his father," she said, referring to our little boy.

"Maud, don't say that," I replied.

"I will say it, for it's the truth. If you can't stop drinking now, you can't stop when the boy grows up to—"

"Now, here, Maud, I am going to stop."

"When?"

"From this time forward, I will be a sober man."

"I don't believe you."

"Can't you trust me once more?"

"No. Every time I build up a hope, you tear it down."

"Is it not better to hope, though the hope may be in vain, than not to hope at all?"

"It is never better to be deceived, John."

"Try me to-day. I swear by all that is sacred, by the love I bear you—"

"Pshaw! The love you bear me. If you loved me, you would not drink."

"That is no argument, Maud."

"It is the truth, and the truth needs no argument."

"I don't want any breakfast. I'll go down town now, but mind you, I'll be sober when I return."

I was unfit for work. My hand trembled and my thoughts were confused. I took up an article which I had written the day before, while I was under the influence of liquor.

At the time I wrote it I thought it was a gem of sentiment, but now the maudlin lines were repulsive. Maud's face came up before me. Surely she was a lovable woman. "No tempter need come to-day," I mused. "I will go home sober. I will smoke while she cuts the leaves of the new magazine, and then I will read to her."

"Hello, John," exclaimed a friend, opening the door and thrusting a smiling face into the room.

"Hard at work, eh?"

"Hard at work trying to work," I replied. "Took a little too much of the merry demon yesterday."

"Better come out and get a cocktail?"

"No, I am obliged to you."

"It's the best thing you can do. I filled myself up pretty well yesterday and felt the effects of it this morning, but now, after taking a

cocktail or two, I feel all right. I tell you what's a fact, John," entering the room and shutting the door, "there's no use of a man getting drunk. The trouble is, that a fellow who swears off takes a drink and then says to himself, 'well, I've broken my vow, and I might just as well get drunk.' This is a mistake. If, after taking one or two drinks, he would go to work, he would keep up his end in a business sense, and would retain his self respect. Come on, let's get a drink or two and then you can work. Confound it, you are not so weak that you are afraid of the stuff, are you? One drink now would fall on you like a shower of salvation."

I knew his utterances were the utterances of sophistry; I knew that a child could see through the flimsy texture of his pretended argument, yet I went with him. As I shut the door of my room, I saw Maud's face—I saw the arms of my little boy stretched out toward me.

"We'll only take one round, Jake," I said to my friend.

"That's all. Then we'll go back to work."

Jake was an insurance agent and occupied a room in the same building where I did my work of desultory literature.

We drank. Jake told an amusing story. I glanced at the clock. "Take one more and then we'll go," said he. We drank again. "Let's sit down," said he. We sat down. A mutual friend—that great abettor of the tempter, that man who always drinks but who never gets drunk—came in and declared that we should drink with him. I asked for soda water, but with the pool pooh of good fellowship, he exclaimed, "Bring us three whisky straight."

I went home at dinner time. I was not drunk, but I was far from being sober. My little boy ran out on the porch to meet me. I took him in my arms.

"John," said my wife, "do you think that you are steady enough to carry him?"

I looked at her reproachfully. As I turned to walk down the steps, I stumbled and fell. Merciful God! the little fellow's arm was broken. I ran to summon a surgeon. After calling at the office of the surgeon and leaving my call on the slate, I went to a neighboring saloon to steady my nerves. I lost my recollection. I remember that I brushed sawdust from my coat. I remember a dark and a rainy day—I remember drinking with a one-legged man—but nothing was tangible. When I became sober, when consciousness came upon me with a dull, painful awakening, I was in a disreputable part of the city. I had taken up my abode in a den of ruffians. I ask you—you who read this—would not death by hanging have been too good for me? I tried to pray, but what right had I to call upon the great Master of Life? None. I went home. The house was deserted. I found the following note:

My DEAR LOST HUSBAND:—I can no longer endure the thought of living with a drunkard. I do not leave you in anger. I have just prayed for you. I do not suppose that we shall ever meet again. Yours, MAUD.

CHAPTER III.

I went away from the town where I had disgraced myself—where I had trampled upon the affections of my wife. It would be impossible to describe my wretchedness. I contemplated suicide, but I remained sober.

I was late in carrying out so good a resolve, and I found but little consolation in the old adage, "Better late than never," but with a determination born of semi-despair, I turned my back upon every temptation. I lived in the hope that my wife would return. When evening came, I would go to our house—I could not call it home—and sit under the vines, the vines that Maud had trained with such tender cares. My little angel. His face was ever before me. I found one of his shoes in a closet. I kissed it. Weary months crept along in tireless stretch. I had written many letters to many distant friends, yet no one could tell me where I could find my wife. Critics said that my work had become melancholy. Is not the leaf melancholy when the frost falls upon it? The precious essence of life had been squeezed from my soul. Time and again I prayed that I might die. Once I heard a man, who did not think that I was near, say that I was losing my mind. He was wrong. I had too much of my mind. I wrote a book. It was a sad cry, rather than a voice of sentiment, but the people bought it. How surprised I was. Why do gay people

like to read lines of sadness? why does the gilded butterfly alight upon the withered flower?—I don't know.

When a man asked me to take a drink, I said "no." I didn't say "I believe not." I said "no." Sometimes the "hoofed" tempter would whisper in my ear, but when I turned upon him, he would apologize and retire. The scoundrel. The world is full of news, but there was no news of Maud. She must have heard of my book, and knowing that such a book could only have been written by a sober man, why did she not come back to me? I wandered aimlessly; I strolled without purpose. I took no delight in the attentions which literary people paid me. How could fair society smile on such a wretch? A magazine said that I had once been a drunkard, and in encouragement to other men, held me up as an example.

One day, in a section of country which I had never before visited, I strolled through an almost pathless forest. I suddenly came upon a little log school house. I would have passed on, but a voice held me.

"Children," said the voice, "I am glad that you love me, but I must leave you. I must go back to my husband who has become a noble man. We have long known each other, and the separation will be painful, but I must go. I have told you of the author of the book which I read to you. That is my husband—Henry's father. He does not know that Henry and I pray for him."

"Maud!" I exclaimed, flinging open the door and springing into the room.

"Oh, John!"

Her tears and mine fell on Henry's head. "Thank God," I said.

"Thank God," cried Maud.

Into the room where I sit the sunbeams fall. From the window I see Henry, riding a stick horse. I have just told him a little story, how the calf and the old dog went to a picnic. He incredulously shook his head, but accepted the recital without verbal approval. I am in constant dread lest he should be snatched from me, but why should he? Fate, after all is not so cruel. Above my head hangs a beautiful picture of a man in whose hands are clasped the hands of a woman. The picture of the man bears some resemblance to me, but the fair artist has not done justice to the woman. Maud painted the picture. Many people come to look at it. Art critics say that it is a masterpiece, but Maud declared that she deserved no credit for its production—that her soul, instead of her hand, guided the delicate tracings of the brush. We are besieged with the attentions of distinguished visitors, but when they are gone, we clasp each other in a loving embrace, and thank the originator of all earthly and heavenly happiness.

Talking to Heaven.

A mother living not very far from the post office in this city, tired with watching over a sick baby, came down stairs for a few moments the other day for a little rest. She heard the voice of her little four-year-old girl in the hall by herself, and, curious to know to whom she was talking, stopped a moment at a half-open door. She saw little thing had pulled a chair up in front of the telephone and stood upon it, with the ear-piece pressed against the side of her head. The earnestness of the child showed that it was in no playful mood; and this was the conversation the mother heard, while the tears stood thick in her eyes, as if she were repeating the answer:

"Hello!"

"Well, who's there?"

"Is God there?"

"Yes."

"Tell Jesus I want to speak to him."

"Well,?"

"Is that you, Jesus?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Our baby is sick and we want you to let it get well; won't you now?"

No answer, statement and question again repeated, finally answered by a "yes."

The little one hung the earpiece back on its hook clambered down from the chair, and, with a radiant face, went for mother, who caught her in her arms.

The baby, whose life had been despaired of, began to mend that day, and got well.—Exchange.

Helpless For Over Thirty Years.

A VALUABLE HINT FROM DUMAS'S "MONTE CRISTO" IMPROVED UPON.

The life of John D. Williams, whose death has been announced, was a most remarkable one. In 1847 he caught cold on a Hudson River steamer by sleeping between damp sheets, and became a victim of inflammatory rheumatism. Paralysis followed, both sides becoming affected. He became unable to move a muscle, except his eyelids, and was dumb and blind.

Dr. Theodore Dimon reported the facts to E. S. Brayton, who was one of the most intimate friends of the deceased, and he became much interested in his case. He remembered the recital in Dumas's "Monte Cristo" of the invention of a little girl whose grandfather was a paralytic, affected very much like Mr. Williams. She told him to wink once when he meant "yes," and twice when he meant "no." When he or she had other than affirmative or negative communication, she would spell out the words by mentioning letters of the alphabet until the right one was reached, and by putting them together their wishes were understood. This system was adopted by Mr. Williams's friends, and by patience and perseverance the wants of the sufferer were made known and relieved as far as possible. Of course the little girl's simple code was improved upon, and from 1848 to the death of the sufferer communication was kept up in this way. By ingenious and patient efforts the sufferer became able to move his arms a trifle and bend his head toward his hand. He was never able to walk, and thirty-seven years were spent in his easy chair or bed. Once he showed by the expression of his face that he needed assistance, and with spelling code gave his sister the word "fly." This was very vague, but patience was a virtue of which there was an immense stock in this family. Mrs. Wager asked if he wanted a bird—if he wanted to fly—and other questions of that kind, but the response was in the negative. Finally he spelled "s-l-o-w-l-y," and on examination it was found that a fly under his sleeve had been making a trotting-course of his delicate skin, much to his annoyance, while he was unable to move the requisite muscles to obtain relief. This incident will give a faint idea of the daily life of this sufferer and his devoted friends.

Physicians who had known all about Mr. Williams's constitution, when attacked, predicted that he could not survive forty-eight hours. The late Dr. Coventry made an elaborate report of the case, which attracted considerable attention from members of the profession. In spite of all the physical debilities of the deceased, there was no deterioration of his mental powers. He had a remarkable memory, and his reasoning powers were excellent. He was kept well informed on the current events of the day by the reading of papers, books, magazines, &c. He was patient, appreciative, and had admirable self-control, and was constantly attempting to derive means to relieve his friends of some of the cares his condition has imposed upon them. He labored on devising a writing apparatus for a long time, but obtained one from a New York friend that was of service to him. With this he learned to write quite easily after tedious practice.

About a month ago Mr. Williams began to fail, caused by a failure of his digestive powers. He was in his 73d year, and for over half of his life he was helpless.—Utica (N. Y.) Observer.

THE BEATING HEART.

While, on the one hand, the pulsations of the heart are not in themselves evidence of life, on the other hand their cessation is no evidence of death, but only one among the many signs of death. When death follows on a long and painful illness, the irritability of the heart vanishes almost with the vanishing breath; but if the disease be sudden, the heart will continue beating for some time afterwards. Harless observed it beating in the body of a decapitated murderer an hour after the execution. Margo found the right auricle beating two hours and a half after execution, although not a trace of irritability could be detected in other parts of the heart. Dietrich, Gerlach, and Hers found that both ventricles contracted if one were irritated, forty

minutes after death. Rensak observed the rhythmic contraction in the hearts of birds and animals two days after death; and Em. Rousseau mentions that a woman's heart had these rhythmic movements seven-and-twenty hours after she had been guillotined. It is not always indeed, that the pulsations cease even when the death has been gradual. Vesalius had a terrible experience of this. That great anatomist, who had nobly braved so much odium because he would not, as his predecessors had done, content himself with the dissection of animals, but suffered his scalpel to traverse the complexities of the human frame, one day opened the body of a young nobleman, whose medical attendant he had been to ascertain, if possible, the cause of his death. Imagine the horror, which ran through all present, at the sight of the heart still equably beating! Vesalius was accused of having dissected a live man; nor was the accusation unreasonable in those days. He had to appear before the Inquisition, and narrowly escaped with his life. A pilgrimage to the Holy Land was his punishment; but he never outlived the scandals caused by this unfortunate occurrence.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Capture of John Brown.

From an account in the June Century of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, written by one of his prisoners, who was in the engine-house during the insurrection, and afterward held the rank of captain in the Confederate army, we quote the following:

"When Lieutenant Stuart came in the morning for the final demand to surrender, I got up and went to Brown's side to hear his answer.

"Stuart asked, 'Are you ready to surrender, and trust to the mercy of the Government?'

"Brown answered promptly, 'No, I prefer to die here.'

"His manner did not betray the least fear.

"Stuart stepped aside and made a signal for the attack, which was instantly begun with sledgehammers to break down the door.

Finding it would not yield, the soldiers seized a long ladder for a battering ram, and commenced beating the door with that, the party within firing incessantly. I had assisted in the barricading, fixing the fastenings so that I could remove them upon the first effort to get in. But I was not at the door when the battering began, and could not get to the fastenings until the ladder was used. I then quickly removed the fastenings, and after two or three strokes of the ladder the engine rolled partially back, making a small aperture, through which Lieutenant Green of the marines forced himself, jumped on top of the engine, and stood a second in the midst of a shower of balls, looking for John Brown. When he saw Brown he sprang about twelve feet at him, and gave an underthrust with his sword, striking him about midway the body and raising him completely from the ground. Brown fell forward with his head between his knees, and Green struck him several times over the head, and as I then supposed, split his skull at every stroke.

"I was not two feet from Brown at that time. Of course I got out of the building as soon as possible, and did not know till some time later that Brown was not killed. It seems that in making the thrust Green's sword struck Brown's belt and did not penetrate the body. The sword was bent double. The reason that Brown was not killed when struck on the head was that Green was holding his sword in the middle, striking with the hilt and making only scalp wounds."

No Common Soldier.

An old French writer relates the following of the reign of Louis XIV: "On parade one morning, when my grandfather was inspecting his new regiment, he saw a soldier who held his musket awkwardly, and was about to reprove the man, when the major whispered him not to notice it, as he would be informed of the season. When the parade was over, the major related that when the regiment was quartered in the provinces, this soldier, then a corporal, saw two of his comrades fighting in the street with drawn swords. By a general order, soldiers were forbidden to draw swords in the streets, under pain of losing the right hand—the corporal, therefore, seeing the consequence likely to accrue to his comrades, rushed to prevent it, and, according

to military usage, which forbids any one from separating crossed swords but with a drawn sword, at once drew his sword, and placed himself between them. At this moment the guard appeared, and the two culprits saved themselves by flight; but the corporal, knowing the correctness of his intention and forgetting that in the execution of a good deed he had himself offended against the law, quietly surrendered with his sword in his hand, and was conducted to the guard-house. A court-martial was speedily called, and the corporal told the truth. They demanded the names of the guilty persons, and menaced him with the punishment, if he did not reply. 'Gentlemen,' he replied, 'it is true I know them, but I cannot name them; which of you would betray a comrade? No; if I must suffer the punishment, I shall at least know that I have been the means of saving two men for the king's service, and the only favor I ask is that my left hand be cut off instead of my right, in order that I yet may be able to draw a sword for my country.' He was condemned, and his request was granted; but when he arrived at the block, he said to the executioner: 'I suffer this humiliation from a sense of discipline and honor, but, as it is the order of the king, it ought to be executed by a soldier. Stand back, therefore, and give the axe!' Seizing the instrument, he placed his hand upon the block, and severed it from his body at a blow. This was the same soldier that held his musket so indifferently on the parade."

COLORADO.

The philosopher, "Solid Muldoon," is out of the city. Therefore I take advantage of his absence to send some items to the mighty JOURNAL.

Mr. Louis Huff holds a steady case on the Daily Times of Kansas City now. His friends wish him endless prosperity.

"The pen is mightier than the sword," is an oft repeated assertion that will bear scrutiny. By the way, that "by law" as described in the Cincinnati fearless writer's last letter, would take the bark out of a link saw sage for erudition.

The corresponding secretary of the Denver Base Ball Club, is a mute whose name sounds something like Schmitt. Verily, some "unfortunate human beings" are born lucky.

Alf Lamoreaux, the fine looking gent, is beginning to wear that pale, reckless look so often depicted on the countenance of the individual who contemplates engaging in matrimony.

Tom Warren, a mute aged 45 years, who claims pretensions as a gambler of 25 years' standing, is in Denver.

The item, appended below, is clipped from the Galena, Ill., Gazette, of July 3d: "Tuesday afternoon, John Miller, a deaf-mute, 23 years of age, and son of a German wood sawyer of Dubuque, while walking on the C. M. & St. P. railroad track between Specht's Ferry and Zollicoffer Lake, was run over by the 'Lightning Dutchman' passenger train coming south. The engineer caught sight of him as the train came around a curve and applied the air brake, but too late to save the poor fellow's life. The remains were placed in the baggage car and brought to Dubuque, where an inquest was held and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts."

Report has it that the Far West is to have a new mute paper in the near future by two wide awake and energetic mutes of Iowa.

The chronic peddler was seen by a "cop," trying to pull a telegraph pole out of the ground on the night of the glorious Fourth, and escorted to the cooler. It cost him \$6.50 to crawl out of the "drunken box."

Elmer Ayres, backed by a certain mnte, beat a 3 card-monte man out of one hundred and fifty dollars at the Jewell Park horse races on the 4th. It is hard to beat Elmer at his own game.

Harrison, the "boy preacher," is holding a revival in Denver. In scanning the columns of the daily papers, I miss the name of Mr. Lewis, among those astraddle the anxious seat.

BOTH MISERABLE.

"The reason I am miserable," remarked a beautiful heiress, "is just this: I am afraid some one will marry me for my money."

"The reason I am so miserable," remarked pretty Miss Poverty, "is just this: I am afraid no one will marry me because I haven't money."

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1623 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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ONE of the veterans of the late war has taken the trouble to compile statistics setting forth the cases and causes of deafness of soldiers who took part in the War of the Rebellion. It would be absurd to presume that these statistics are anything like complete, but they serve to show that accidental deafness at mature years is more prevalent than is generally supposed. A quarter of a century has thinned out the ranks of the veterans in almost as great proportion as did the carnage of war. There are no guns aimed so straight at the vitality of man—no bullets that do such fatal execution as the silent hand of time. From among those who remain sixty-nine cases of deafness have been tabulated, and almost a third of these are as deaf to all earthly sounds as the ears of their comrades whom they beheld lifeless and cold upon the field of battle.

To-day the Manhattan Literary Association and its friends hold a picnic up the Hudson, and to-morrow the deaf-mutes of Philadelphia will make things pleasant at Neshaminy Falls on the occasion of the excursion of the Clere Literary Association. Both of these societies have done much good during their long existence. The Clere Literary Association is the oldest and the most prosperous, its brother association having gone down hill during the past couple of years. The Clere Literary Society is, we think, the oldest and richest literary society in the United States. Whether or not the Manhattan Literary Association will regain its lost prestige, is a difficult conundrum to answer. There is plenty of material, but harmony is wanting. The association lacks that spirit of goodwill and friendship which is essential to all progress. Let us hope that this is the beginning of a new era, and that the mutes of Gotham will emulate the praiseworthy example of their silent brethren of the Quaker City.

We have several times seen the question asked, "Of what use are conventions of the deaf and dumb?" Such queries are usually offered in a manner implying that so far from producing good, they are a positive evil with no redeeming qualities. Surely there can be no more impropriety in the reunion of graduates of schools for the deaf, the discussion of questions of interest to them, than there is in the assemblies of other schools. Unless it is held that the deaf are incapable of having any views worthy of discussion, in fact that their education is a failure. We cannot see why objection should be held to such innocent meetings. So far as our experience goes, we have found out that, aside from the reunion of old friends after years of parting, the conventions really result in lasting good. We need but instance the Gallaudet Memorial, not to mention other projects which have arisen in deaf-mute conventions, as an evidence of their utility.

Deaf-mutes have been accused of clannishness; if this clannishness takes the form of remembering their benefactors, such a spirit in them is worthy of all commendation.

We learn from excellent authority that the rumor which has been in circulation for several weeks, that Prof. Weston Jenkins had resigned from the office of Principal of the New Jersey State School for Deaf-Mutes, is without foundation.

Don't forget the Albany Convention on August 26th, 27th and 28th.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mrs. James Russell has gone to Albany, to stay with her parents for the summer.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of New York, is in Newport—*Boston Sunday Herald*, July 12. The sketches in the *Journalist* and *Dramatic News* are by Treach, the deaf-mute artist.

Mrs. Jane Williams and Sarah Guile, of Three Mile Bay, N. Y., called on Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Coeague recently.

David C. Sampson spent the 4th of July, in Aurora, Ind., called on Miss Mary Vandegrift and had an enjoyable time.

A recent Associated Press dispatch says that among the emigrants from Europe to Canada were thirty-six deaf-mutes.

An exchange says that out of 100 emigrants who arrived at Montreal by the steamer Sardinia, twenty-three were deaf-mutes.

Mr. Gorham D. Abbott and wife, of Long Island, have been staying at the Continental Hotel, New York City, for several days.

Mr. William Bailey preached to nine deaf-mutes assembled at the residence of Thomas Brown, in West Henninger, N. H., on June 21st.

John Payzant, a deaf-mute of Gaspeaux Mountain, Kings Co., was instantly killed on Friday by a falling tree.—*Nova Scotia*, March 20, '85.

Mr. J. Rockweg, the deaf-mute from Holland, of Hoboken, N. J., who works at wood carving in New York City, has been promoted to a foreman'ship.

Mr. Thomas Brown, of West Henninger, N. H., visited Peterborough last week. He contemplated taking a trip to Nashua, Concord and Hookset, N. H., this week.

Among those who spent the Fourth at Clayton, N. Y., were Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Coeague, Mr. and Mrs. R. McRae, of Kingston, Miss V. Minnie and Miss Clara Smith.

E. M. Gallaudet, president of the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C., has bought a lot on Woodland Street, Hartford, Conn., where he is to build, intending to reside again in the city.—*Providence, R. I., Journal*.

Mrs. Burwell, nee Silence Taber, whom all the "Old Boys of 50th Street," will remember as one of the galaxy of Fair Daughters of Eve—who graced the Institution in its palmy days years ago, is now on a visit to the Old Homestead at Scipio.

Mrs. S. A. Taber, of Scipio, since her return home from Brooklyn, has been quite ill and suffering from nervous prostration. Her friends will rejoice to hear that she is better, and it is to be hoped, is fairly on the road to restoration of health.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Patterson and children, who have been living in Newton, N. Y., eleven years, are making their home in Tarrytown, N. Y., for the past three months. They were in New York City several days last week, visiting their old friend Mrs. Sweeney. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, of Attleboro, Mass., were also there.

The number of lovely young ladies, who attend the Brooklyn Sunday School which is held in the school building connected with St. Charles' R. C. Church, is increasing weekly. There are yet a good many more coming, and it is to be hoped that it will be the largest deaf-mute Sunday School found in any city in the U. S., outside of an institution.

On the Fourth, Messrs. Geo. T. Fisher and Salmund met James B. Lloyd in Fair Point, a famous resort, in Chautauque Co., N. Y. They had a pleasant conversation, and then rowed a boat over Lake Chautauque. Near the shore, the boat was capsized, and they all got their clothes very wet. Lloyd turned her up again. They got in, and had to stay in her till their clothes were dry. They had a good time.

Mr. Sweeney, who was reported to be missing from his home in Meriden, returned after an absence of five days. The cause of his disappearance was this: He was on his way home, when he was seized with a fit of unconsciousness, and supported himself by grasping a lamp post near by. A policeman came along, and supposing him to be drunk, clubbed him and took him to a police station, where he was found to be suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs and was taken to a hospital until he got better. From some mistake on the part of the policeman his family was not notified.

Great satisfaction is openly expressed on all sides of the selection of Mr. James F. Donnelly, as Chairman of the coming Picnic of the Brooklyn Sunday School Association. It is said that a better chairman could not be selected from any society in Brooklyn or New York City. Mr. Donnelly has been chairman several times for the N. Y. Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union's picnics and balls, and every one has been a success in every respect and therefore every body who knows Mr. Donnelly, knows that he never leaves anything half done, and so all are sure of a very enjoyable afternoon and evening on the 13th of August, 1885.

Mr. William A. Deering, of Pittsfield, N. H., and Miss Kate M. Fletcher, of Methuen, Mass., were united in a happy wedlock by Rev. Mr. Chase, of the latter place, June 17th. Intimate friends and several nudes were present, among whom the writer noticed Willie E. White, of Goffstown, and Mrs. Finnimore, of Lawrence, Mass. The happy couple were the recipients of a toilet set from intimate friends, a silver vase from Mr. White, a silver napkin ring and two table spoons from Mr. Baker, and several useful presents. The newly married couple took the train for Boston, where they spent their time sight seeing and sailed along Nantasket Beach, bearing with them good wishes and happy returns for their future. They will live with Mr. Deering's parents till they go into housekeeping.

W. W. Miles, of North Indianapolis, is having a vacation of three weeks.

William Kinney, of Hackettstown, N. J., will start for Illinois in a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Louisa Gray, of Duncannon, Pa., presented her husband with a bouncing boy on the first of July.

Mr. Winfield J. McCullough, of Wilmington, Del., lately paid a visit to Miss Annie E. Woodall, of Chester City, Pa.

Miss Alice Robinson, of Indianapolis, took a ride of three miles on horseback, and made a call on Mrs. Ellen Miles.

A number of miles had a jolly time and a big feast at the residence of the Jührings on the afternoon and evening of July 4th.

A small picnic of deaf-mutes took place opposite Golden Hill Park, one mile from the home of Mrs. Miles, on the 4th of July.

There were twenty-two graduates this year at the Indianapolis Institution, among whom was Miss Bertha Miles, a cousin of Mrs. Ellen Miles. She received many elegant presents.

A post mortem over the remains of Anna Welch, the deaf-mute dying suddenly at the Indianapolis City Hospital showed the cause to be paralysis of heart. She used to work for Mr. and Mrs. Houdyshell.

Mr. Naber, of New York City, was the guest of C. Lawrence, Jr., last July 4 and 5th, and Mr. Wm. S. Eringer met them in the latter's lively stable. Mr. Naber was much pleased to see the grand fireworks in Newark, N. J.

Mr. Hiram P. Hunt, a well known farmer, and his charming daughter, of Gray, Me., went to Brownfield, Me., with his nice team (40 miles distant) and enjoyed themselves very much, spending two days at Mr. George W. Wakefield's.

Annie M. Stoffel, of New Haven, Ct., spent the Fourth very pleasantly at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Geisler in Meriden. She staid over till Monday. They are doing well, except Miss Stoffel regrets that Mr. Geisler has not been feeling very well for a long time, but hopes he will be better soon.

Mrs. Geisler, of Meriden, Conn., says that she had been troubled with her heart for many years. Four years ago, Dr. Clarkson, a deaf-mute of Burlington, Vt., cured her, and she is happy now. Now she says she would like to know the address of Doctor Clarkson, a deaf-mute. He has an Indian wife. If any readers of the JOURNAL in Vermont find out where he is, please send his address to the JOURNAL, or send a postal card to Annie M. Stoffel, 323 George St., New Haven, Ct.

PLYMOUTH, PA.

The Plymouth Committee are running the hospital alone, the Philadelphia Committee having withdrawn from all connection with it in the belief that the epidemic is virtually over. There were twelve new cases during the week, two deaths and two recoveries. The number of destitute families now receiving aid is 198. The disbursements of relief committee for the week was \$16,570.71. The total disbursements amount to \$16,582.45.

Robert Arnold, the carpenter of the D. L. & Western Car Shop, sustained injuries on the right foot by a fall of a car-brake. He can walk with his cane. He will resume work this week. His wife has gone to Brooklyn, Susquehanna Co., Pa., to spend the summer.

John P. Detweiler, of Plymouth, Pa., returned from Danville, Pa., on Monday, after an absence of one year. He reports a very pleasant visit.

Frank Detweiler, of Danville, Pa., and his brother John, went to Lewisburg to see the fireworks and the nice parade on the Fourth.

Miss Hatie E. Post, of Sweet Valley, Pa., was in Plymouth, on Friday, on a visit to her relatives. She was visited by John P. Detweiler.

Miss Trease, of Danville, Pa., is at home for vacation. She will return to school this fall.

Frank Detweiler, of Danville, Pa., returned on Wednesday of three weeks since, from a pleasant trip to Philadelphia. He is a skillful watchmaker. He has a new and beautiful shop for himself. He understands the minutest details of the business. He is doing a good business.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heyman, of New York, came to Plymouth, on the 3d of this month, to visit Mrs. Heyman's relatives. Yours Truly, July 8, '85. PLYMOUTHITE.

From Kansas.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—In your issue of May 28th, I noticed an article, headed "Expel the Agents," well written by your brainy correspondent, Mr. Alvah W. Orent. I will say that the agents have no business to collect money to rebuild the St. John School. It is understood that they pocket the money. The "sagacious" deaf-mutes should drive them out of our nation with clubs. The charitable public may look upon the agents as the most miserable creatures on the earth. They are a disgrace to the hard-working deaf-mutes in our nation.

The officers of the St. John School had better look out for the presidents of the deaf-mute societies, or they may call upon our distinguished Secretary of State Bayard, with a petition of complaint to the Canadian Government.

"Hon. Solid Muldoon," of Denver, Col., expresses himself quite well pleased with a new position, and I have no doubt that he will find many new friends. He will be married to a charming and handsome lady in several months.

Miss Linda Barker, a former pupil of the Philadelphia Institution, was married to Mack Armstrong, a deaf-mute stockman, of Dodge City two years. They have one child. Mrs. Armstrong is spoken of as a highly intelligent lady.

Yours most sincerely, Vox POPULI. LARNER, Kan., July 3, '85.

FANWOOD.

Wedding Echoes

VACATION NOTES.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Arthur Lincoln Thomas was promoted from shipping clerk to salesman, in the firm of Rogers, Peet & Co., on the 15th inst.

The father of James H. Caton, the blind deaf-mute Highlander, was down here last week to get a suitable pilot for his son to replace Ira W. Tyler, who got discouraged and left. Stanley Robinson was glad to get away, and consented to be Caton's guide, but last reports are that he would be only too glad to return.

The work on the removal of the shop building is being pushed on with surprising rapidity. A ditch five by six deep has been dug on both sides, and the masonry work is completed. The lumber and timber to be used was brought by ship to the Institution dock, and is awaiting the arrival of machinery.

On account of our long resumé of Commencement Day exercises, two weeks ago, we were obliged to omit a large number of interesting events. One of these was the marriage, on June 30th, of our engineer, Mr. Joseph H. Banks, to Miss Katie Ryer, once supervisor of the girls. The ceremonies took place at the residence of the bride near Fort Washington, at which a houseful was invited. Among those present were Prof. E. H. Currier and wife, Misses Prudence Lewis, Jennie Williams and Martha J. Ray. An elegant wedding supper, accompanied by sparkling wine, put everybody in good cheer. The presents were numerous and costly, and the congratulations and good wishes extended to the happy couple were many. They commenced housekeeping the next day in their new house on 159th Street, where they will be happy to receive calls from their friends.

Most everybody around here expects to be present at the Convention in August. We, for one, are in the same boat.

Messrs. Durian, Rose, Baare, Brockmann, and a few others who remain at the Institution throughout the summer, enjoy an occasional "pull" in Evangeline, and one evening they make a little tour near one of the river steamers, giving Isaac Brockmann a good ducking.

The granddaughter of Mr. C. N. Brainerd was with him at the Institution Thursday last.

Alexander L. Pach has quit his uncle's business at 841 Broadway, and is now bookkeeper in his father's cigar store in Red Bank, N. J.

A large number of graduates and pupils of the Lexington Avenue School was seen at Washington Heights on Sunday last.

Anthony Capelli spent the afternoon of Sunday with Messrs. Lounsbury and Thomas.

Miss Caddie Felver gave life to the girls on the 12th inst.

Wm. B. Magill, of Jersey City, was to see Supervisor Emmons Sunday last.

Ex-Supervisor Stowell writes to a friend here that he has fine prospects for success in the poultry business, and also adds that he contemplates joining the army of Benedict next winter.

The foundation for the new barn and stable is under headway. The place chosen is on the southeast corner of the girls' playgrounds, and west of the new avenue which is rapidly being laid out.

An interesting coincidence is that the birthday of three persons living in the same house all happened within one week. They are as follows: Mrs. W. G. Jones, July 8th; Mr. W. G. Jones, July 10th; Theodore I. Lounsbury, July 11th.

Mr. Fox is still clerking for Dr. Peet, and is not certain when he will be relieved.

Professor Francis D. Clarke, who was recently appointed Principal of the Arkansas Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, left on Saturday, the 11th inst. His old pupils will regret to find him gone, when they return in September.

Dr. Peet was elected Vice-President of the Board of Directors of the Manhattan Hospital of this city.

The Sunday World acknowledges \$155 for the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund, presented by the Washington Heights Century Club through the Treasurer, Isaac Lewis Peet.

Several of the boys who remain at the Institution, will take in the picnic of the Manhattan Literary Association to-day.

Two Fanwoodites were seen sporting in the breakers off Coney Island beach on the 12th.

Miss Winnifred Sitterly, who graduated from the High Class about two years ago, was married to a semi-mute, named Willard Adriance, of Sammonsville, N. Y., on June 24th. They took a trip to Iowa. They received many elegant presents, including a silver cake basket, flower vases, silver sugar spoon, castor and butter dish, two damask table cloths, and a quantity of linen.

The intellectual countenance of Mr. Theodore A. Froehlich was noticed at the Institution last Saturday.

Dr. Peet is still working in his office. The statement that he would go to Dunkirk is untrue. He will summer on the Heights.

George Sigismund Porter is now making merry in the rural districts.

He started for Liberty, N. Y., last Monday, to see his mother. George's motto is: "Give me Liberty or give me death."

NAIUD.

South Carolina.

(From the Charleston News and Courier.)

SPARTANBURG, June 26.—The closing exercises of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind took place at Cedar Spring on the 24th inst. The exercises were opened with prayer by Dr. W. W. Duncan, of Wofford College. The fine brass band, composed of the blind boys of the institution, then rendered the beautiful waltz "Celestine," with unusual expression and in the most perfect time.

The salutatory address was delivered by Oliver J. Clark, of the graduating class. The address was interpreted by Prof. Walker, the superintendent of the institution, was highly appreciated by the entire audience. From the beginning to the end it showed just such a warmth of feeling as is peculiarly characteristic of deaf-mutes as a class.

The superintendent then announced that the examination proper to the pupils closed on the 22d, and that the object of the commencement exercises was to show to the public the ability of the students to learn, and the manner in which they are taught. Then appeared upon the rostrum the familiar face of Prof. J. M. Hughston, a deaf-mute, a man of genius and rare ability, with a class of boys who had been in the institution only one session, and who, on entering the school, like all other deaf children, knew nothing in the world, and could think of nothing, except what they saw. The progress which they had made in so short a time was simply wonderful. They could write on the blackboard in a good hand the name of almost any object the audience might suggest, and they could even make short sentences. Prof. Hughston examined other classes in writing and English grammar, and the result showed that they would compare favorably with the average boy and girl of the same age who have all their senses perfect.

Prof. David S. Rogers, deaf-mute, then introduced his classes. He is a young man of the highest culture and intelligence. He is familiar with the Greek, Latin, German and French languages, and is a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C. His classes were examined on the higher branches, and the pupils showed thorough training and marked ability. The text books are the same as those used in the high schools in the State.

The superintendent then introduced Miss Eddy, the teacher of articulation, and she gave a history of the discovery and progress of the method of teaching articulation. The audience could not see how it was possible for a deaf-mute to be taught to speak by means of a few parallel lines, curves and dots written on a blackboard, and they were almost inclined to doubt the whole method when she told them that the pupils conversed with speaking persons by reading the words from the motion of the lips.

Miss Eddy then called up a class that could and did talk so as to be distinctly heard at the extreme end of the large chapel. Several questions were asked by some of the gentlemen on the rostrum which were read from the lips and immediately answered to the very great astonishment of the audience. Miss Eddy is a remarkably brilliant young lady, and one would think, judging from the nature and success of her work, that she is an angel sent down specially endowed with the power of opening the mouths of the dumb that they may speak.

Prof. Lindsay Cramer, the principal of the department for the blind, examined his classes in reading, writing, arithmetic, chemistry and Latin. The answers given by the pupils showed the scholarly training they had received, and reflected much credit upon Mr. Cramer. He has an inexhaustible store of knowledge, and is justly considered one of the most wide-awake scholars in the State.

Mrs. Annie Cramer, who assists her husband in his department, also has charge of the fancy work, consisting of all kind of bead work, needle and crochet work. She called several of the blind girls out in front of the audience, who threaded needles, sewed on the sewing machine, threaded its needle, and, in short, did everything in the way fancy work that any seeing person is able to do. One of the blind girls, Miss Ida Jones, of the graduating class, then read an essay on the subject of "Labor," which she had written with the stylus. Miss Sallie Gooding, a deaf-mute, of the graduating class, also read an essay on "Education of the deaf and dumb in the United States." Both essays were greatly admired by the audience.

Prof. G. W. Dixon, the instructor in music, then took charge of the rostrum, and for half an hour the entire audience, from the smallest child to the oldest man in the house, was enchanted. Prof. Dixon is one of the finest pianists in the State, and has composed and published a great many first-class pieces of music.

Prof. Walker announced that the exercises of the institution were finished.

Notices.

Services in the signs will be held on Sunday, July 19th, as follows: At 11 A.M., the Holy Communion in St. Andrew's Chapel, 128th Street near Fourth Avenue, Harlem, N. Y.

At 3 P.M., Service in Christ Church, Brooklyn, E. D.

CINCINNATI.

Either myself or the JOURNAL compositor was badly mixed in putting the Society directory as it is now. Otis Vance resigned as Secretary and Phil Thimness (not Thimness) was elected in his place; Ardine Rembeck resigned as President and was succeeded by Vice-President Joseph H. Vance. There's no use for two gentlemen of the same name, any way. One of them should change his name or go to Halifax.

Heard some days ago that Mr. Luttrell was going to Chicago. (Editor, please stereotype those two lines.)

I owe the JOURNAL readers a humble apology for allowing anything to happen in this city without my letting them know of it. And it is also very mortifying to be "scooped" on an item. In my last letter I was demanding to know what the Society was going to do with the \$350 they have, and lo and behold, in the itemizer of July 11, we are informed that it is to be used for "charitable purposes!" And to think that I've been here all the time and didn't know that! My only excuse is that it has been awful hot lately. Charity is a noble virtue! It covers a multitude of sins as well as a linen duster. It is a good thing to be charitable. But it might not be out of place to remark that it begins at home. Before dispensing the \$350 in charity the Society might pay its debts and discharge its obligations to Mr. Jesse Hoagland. The attention of the Executive Committee, and especially of the handsome gent who wrote the puff in the Itemizer, is respectfully called to the above.

Mr. Nelson I. Snyder, of Blanchester, stopped over in the city a few hours on June 29th, on his way to Kansas, on a visit to friends and relatives in the central part of the State. Hope he will bring his scalp safely home.

Tom Sutton, of Newport, is said to be rejoicing over the advent of another baby. Particulars not obtainable.

There was no programme laid out for July 4th. All the mutes visited each other. Mr. and Mrs. Luning went to Franklin, O., to see Mr. and Mrs. Van Doran, some others took advantage of the numerous boat and rail excursions and went into the country. Free Lance and his lady, among the number, and some congregated at the "Post Office." Among these last was Benny Stemmerding, who thought it would be a most excellent joke to drop a large sized fire cracker behind a knot of the boys and see how high they would jump. It was a very good joke! But alas, while stealing up behind them with the infernal machine ready lighted in his hand it exploded prematurely, and spoiled his fun for the rest of the day by burning his hand very severely. I have it on good authority that when it went off he beat the best record on a standing jump.

Mr. O. C. Neander, of Circleville, passed the 4th and 5th in town, investigating the habits and customs of the Paris of America. By actual count, he chewed up seven toothpicks in thirteen minutes. (He buys them by the cord.) He left on the 6th for Atlanta, on business.

Mr. J. H. Vance resigned from the Executive Committee of the Society on July 11th, and John Hahn was elected in his place. Fred Reiker is now Chairman of the Committee.

Mr. Freeman, of Cave Springs, Ga., is in the city, shaking hands with his friends. Life seems to be easy with him, and he is looking brown and in much better condition than when last here. He will remain till about the 1st of August, when he goes to Springfield, O., and thence to Columbus to attend the Remmon. His wife and family are still at the South, but will come up soon.

From present indications there will be a large attendance at the Convention from the city and suburbs.

A Mr. Kolmitzky, who has been somewhere South, turned up again the other day.

By "Jim Jams'" letter I see that St. Louis is also affected with a committee that somehow reminds me of how things are sometimes done in this city. One, or perhaps two members know all about it, the others are neither useful nor ornamental.

Say, "Anti-Rep." are you still hopeful of getting your photo of the Garfield bust? Don't be too sanguine. "It cometh not, we said."

The cable road is now in operation, and some of the boys have made up a party to investigate the workings of the "grip," and to claim the honor of being the first mute hauled by cable in the city. Guess it will be better than being hauled by mules.

Why don't the "well qualified" gent from Chicago visit oftener? These are the "piping times of peace," General, when the pen is mightier than the sword. Let us hear from the Windy City. And say, General, when you come to the convention—you'll come, of course—bring us a couple of your cigars. You know Byron says:

"The not the plant appeared in sloth. That beauty shows and sheds perfume; The weeds that yield the most of bloom. In General U. yest-pocket bloom."

This is a hint "with the bark on it."

FREE LANCE.

July 12, '85.

Notice for Catholic Mutes.

The Catholic deaf-mutes of Brooklyn are cordially requested to attend the Sunday School, in the school building connected with St. Charles R. C. Church, Sidney Place, between Livingston and State Streets, every Sunday, at 2:30 P.M.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

A SEVERE shock of earthquake was felt in Calcutta, India, on Tuesday morning.

THE Cheyennes are making threatening movements, and things look so serious that large forces of troops are being massed against them.

It is now asserted that the Dominion government, to escape from a very unpleasant predicament, will connive at Riel's escape to the United States.

THE Governor of Illinois has just pardoned a convict who has served six years in State Prison for a murder which the trial judge is now convinced he did not commit.

GENERAL GRANT has improved slightly during the past week. He can now use his voice. The physicians, however, do not think his improved condition will last long.

THE prospects of peace in Peru are growing dimmer. The demands of General Caceres are so preposterous that the government refuses to entertain them. Negotiations have been broken off.

CHICAGO.

Grand Reception.

SPLINTERS.

The grand reception, for which the Chicago deaf-mutes have been looking forward with great eagerness and pleasure, came off on the glorious evening of the 20th of June in apple order. To say it was a pleasant social event, falls short of the pleasure we had at it. Many pronounced it the best party they ever enjoyed in their lives, and in spite of the numerous brilliant parties we had the past winter, I for my part consider the reception the best. There has never been seen a more gay and brilliant crowd. There were about twenty students present from the Kendall Green, and below will be found a list of their names with the outsiders.

From Colorado, Russell Shipley; from Illinois, Lawrence J. James, Thomas Lynch; from Indiana, Albert Berg, Charles Kerney, Walter M. Marsh; from Iowa, John W. Barrett, Wesley Dobson, Elmer Edgerton, Charles R. Hemstreet, Howard McPherson Hofstetter, John Schuyler Long, Z. B. Thompson, D. J. Jellier, I. E. Standacher; from Minnesota, Olof Hanson, John Schwartz, C. L. Washburn; from Missouri, Harry Gross, Hugh R. Bush. There were also two from the Primary Department, whose names, "St. Matt," has been unable to ascertain. Here are the names of a few of the many persons, who were present from other states. Misses Peck, Luttrell, Thompson, Nellie Patten, teachers of the Illinois Institution, were present. Miss Wickton was the sole representative of the Minnesota corps of teachers. The aged and benevolent Mr. Booth, of Iowa, greeted the boys with a hearty shake of the hand. Mr. Abbey Koffman, of New York, was present.

Owing to the non appearance of the floor manager, Mr. Goodfriend, Mr. Flathorn acted in that capacity, with Mr. Hemlein as assistant, and every thing went on smoothly.

The ladies were attired in gay calico and white dresses, making every thing around the ball room look lovely.

At 12 o'clock a grand banquet was tendered to the students at the club's expense.

An enterprising young man made lots of blue and bluff badges, the symbol of "Kendall Green," and they were sold like wildfire.

Rev. A. W. Mann, with Rev. Chamberlain, held a combined service at St. James' Church, Friday evening, the 20th of June.

Owing to the fact that many of the deaf-mutes were not informed of their presence, there was a small attendance.

Mr. Read, of Jacksonville, preached at Farewell Hall to a very large congregation of deaf-mutes, composed mainly of visitors, on the 21st of June. After having counted the money collection, which amounted to two dollars, with a blank smile on his heavenly face, he told us he could not come to Chicago again, and again around the hat was passed. After having found out that the second collection amounted to seven dollars, he told us he would come, to the great amusement of all present. Being perfectly satisfied with our regular preacher, Rev. A. W. Mann, the Chicago deaf-mutes are not over anxious to have his services again in this city.

After having sojourned in this city for two weeks, Misses Peck, Luttrell, Patten and Eden, made a bee line for the White Mountains.

Miss Thompson, the teacher of the Articulation Class in the Illinois Institution, left for Faribault, Minn., after having spent two weeks of her vacation in Pullman with a niece of hers.

Messrs. Codman, Hemlein, Lefi and Kingdon, are the committee appointed to make arrangements for our Third Annual Picnic, which comes off on the 1st, at Woodlawn, on the Illinois Central R. R. From the stupendous preparations the committee is making, it is to be hoped that it will be a grand success. The committee has painted the town red with bills proclaiming our approaching picnic in flaming letters. All persons from near and far are cordially invited to be present at our picnic.

After having offered a humble apology to the Pas-a-Pas Club for his past misdeemeanor, Mr. James Gibney was reinstated as a member, and "St. Matt." will refrain from making any comment on his letter of denial. Owing to the fact that "St. Matt." figured as the "Warwick" for his admission as a new member of the club, he could scarcely be considered of having paraded his name before the public with any malicious intent.

Mr. Willie Gibney has knocked at the door of the Pas-a-Pas Club for admission.

Mr. Luttrell, an old chum of "Free Lance's?" is reported to be in town.

Mrs. Elmer Smith, nee Miss Woods, of Leavenworth, Kan., is expected to make Chicago a visit this summer.

A gentleman just arrived from Denver, Col., says the peddlers are reaping a rich harvest there. So steer toward Denver, please, Messrs. Peddlers. Never mind that little barking dog.

"St. Matt." would suggest to the Cincinnati Society to send a committee to Chicago to learn the best way of governing a society. From the immense cries of constitutional and unconstitutional, some of the Chicago boys are thought to be familiar with all the Parliamentary rules.

St. Matthew.

CIRCULAR.

OF THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY THE PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION TO AID THE GALLAUDET CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL FUND.

We, the undersigned, have been duly appointed by the President of the Pennsylvania Association of Deaf-Mutes, to constitute the above named Committee. The object of this committee is, and will be, to collect subscriptions in aid of the "Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund," which is being raised throughout the United States by the Executive Committee of the National Deaf-Mute Association.

This fund will be for the erection of a suitable memorial to the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of Deaf-Mute Instruction in America, at the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., on the occasion of the birth of that great benefactor, on December 10th, 1887.

We earnestly hope that we will be able to raise the sum of two hundred dollars at least, as the proportionate share of the Pennsylvania Deaf-Mutes and their friends towards the Memorial Fund.

Will you aid us by heartily co-operating in promoting the success of this object?

Any sum of money can be sent by postal note or P. O. money order, to the Treasurer, William R. Cullingworth, care of Principal Crouter, Deaf-Mute Institution, Philadelphia, Pa. Upon the receipt of the money, a printed receipt will be promptly forwarded to you.

Any contributions from your speaking friends will be gratefully acknowledged.

For the benefit of the fund, we have secured at greatly reduced rates, 2000 copies of the *Souvenir of Silence*, published by H. P. Arms & Co.

(The description is as follows: "It, the *Souvenir*, consists of a card, 6 1/2 x 9 1/2 inches, beautifully executed in eleven colors in gold. Its border represents the manual alphabet, superbly illustrated in natural colors. A fine portrait of the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet occupies the medalion in the center of the card. The view at the top is that of the "Old Hartford School." A view of the National Deaf-Mute College, at Washington, D. C., is given at the side. The card shows some interesting subjects besides the above.")

Every subscriber will receive copies of the *Souvenir* with descriptive circulars, at the following rates:

<i>Souvenir.</i>	<i>Mem. Fund receives.</i>
1 copy, 25 cts.	\$.17
2 copies, 50 cts.	.34
4 " 1.00	.68
6 " 1.50	1.02
10 " 2.50	1.70
20 " 5.00	3.40

Copies of the *Souvenir* can be obtained by enclosing a postal note or money order, and addressing the Secretary, R. M. Ziegler, Deaf-Mute Institution, Philadelphia, Pa.

GALLAUDET CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL COMMITTEE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

J. T. LEWELL, Chairman.
R. M. ZIEGLER, Secretary.
W. R. CULLINGWORTH, Treasurer.
GEORGE SILVER.
JAMES S. REIDER.

P. S.—Please show this circular to your deaf friends and neighbors.

The above is a copy of the circular, which is now being distributed among the deaf-mutes of Pennsylvania and their friends.

In speaking of the *Souvenir*, Principal Crouter, of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, says, among other things: "It is a beautiful card, and I have no doubt will be gladly received in every family, where there is a deaf member."

Rev. Henry W. Syle, President of the Pennsylvania Association of Deaf-Mutes, writes, thus: "The card forms an elegant epitome of the progress of the education of the deaf in America from its origin at Hartford, under the first Gallaudet to its culmination in the college under the youthful son."

It is earnestly hoped that each and every deaf person in Pennsylvania will show his or her gratitude to the Founder of Deaf-Mute Instruction in America—the Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet—by contributing something towards the Gallaudet Memorial Fund. And also by asking their hearing and speaking friends to help the Fund.

Let the Keystone State keep up its good name!" R. M. ZIEGLER, Sec'y Gal. Mem. Com. of Penn. Phila. July 4, '85.

Mr. J. M. Koehler's Appointments

DIOCESE OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

July 19th.—Altoona, Pa., (usual place) 7:30 p.m.

" 26th.—Christ Church, Williamsport, 2 p.m.

" 29th.—St. Luke's, Altoona, 7:30 p.m.

August 2d.—St. Paul's, Montrose; Holy Communion, 10:30 a.m.; Special service, 3 p.m.

" 9th.—St. Luke's Church, Scranton, 3 p.m.

" 9th.—St. David's Church, Scranton (Hyde Park), 7 p.m.

" 16th.—St. Stephen's, Wilkes Barre, 3 p.m.

" 23d.—Christ Church, Towanda, 10:30 a.m., and 3 p.m. (Baptism).

" 30th.—Trinity Church, Carbondale, 10:30 a.m., and 7 p.m. At Mr. Arnold's—3 p.m.

BOSTON.

One of the most interesting and valuable services ever held in Boston, was that by Principal Job Williams, of the American Asylum, during the beautiful forenoon of the 28th ult. The reading of a portion of Psalm 51, which commenced the service, was followed by spelling the well-known doxology "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," by the whole congregation, after which came a prayer then a sermon upon "The serpent beguiled me and I did eat," from Genesis 3:13, of which the following is an abstract, according to the reporter's ability in collecting notes.

This is an old story. God very kindly gave to Adam and Eve everything in the Garden of Eden but one tree. They were much pleased with this and obeyed God. The serpent asked Eve whether or not all things were hers. She said God forbade her only one thing. The serpent's soft and deceitful conversation with Eve, caused her failure to obey God, and Adam too. Many people nowadays are ruined in a similar way. Never listen to temptations. We know the Bible belongs to God. Men's arguments draw us aside from it. Never listen to any such argument as "The Sabbath is now different from the Jewish of old. The Jews of old kept it strictly, and we must have some fun on that day." Any man wavering is sure to fail in religion. An old woman was once urged by an infidel lawyer about God. She being a firm believer in Him, refused argument, and disappointed him, only to receive his remarks that she had something he had not in possession. He became a christian. The devil was resisted and the victory won. Bank officers frequently meet the same beguiling. They appear as christians and have better positions given them. Listening to Satan's temptations and using judgment on them cause their troubles. Always refuse temptations. Say NO.

Discontentment brings forth sin. Nabob's death, the result of Ahab's discontentment, Haman's dissatisfaction at Mordecai's refusal to bow before him, led himself to the gallows. All troubles come from small things. Adam blamed Eve rather than himself. David confessed his own guilt. Do not listen to temptations. Be content with what God has given you. God never forsakes all who trust in Him. If you fall into sin, confess it to God always.

After the service of the morning, Mr. J. T. Tillinghast spoke of Mr. Williams' sermon as reminding him of his father's own words once "John, I want thee to be firm, do right, and say 'No,' and stick to it."

The following Sunday was occupied in the forenoon by Rev. P. W. Packard. The sermon he gave was very well done and valuable. His subject was from Psalm 19:12. "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." He said that we have faults known to ourselves and not known to others; known to ourselves and not to ourselves; and unknown to ourselves and others but God. More was said which is not convenient to note here.

Among those present at Mr. Williams' service were Miss Martha French and Miss Lafferty, of Lowell, Miss Lucy Sweet, Mrs. Sweet, Mr. and Mrs. Bowden and Mr. Samuel Cross, of Beverly, Prof. Wm. Martin Chamberlain, of Rome, N. Y., Mr. A. Small, of Weston, Mass., Mr. Hiram Brown, of Nashua, N. H., and Mr. John T. Tillinghast, Pres. N. E. G. Association.

"Hub" very much regrets his overlooking the event when Prof. Henry C. White was united in matrimony to Miss Mann, of Cincinnati. O. Many deaf-mutes, who are fond of Boston Baked Beans, join in congratulating Prof. White, and send their best wishes upon his success.

Mr. Geo. A. Holmes has recently received ten chickens out of thirteen eggs, which he had arranged for hatching June 10th.

Mr. A. W. Orcutt was at Lowell, July 1, lecturing to the Lowell Silent Society.

The following is an article from the Lowell Morning Times, of July 3d. "Mr. A. W. Orcutt, a prominent deaf-mute of Boston, gave a valuable lecture on 'The diffusion of knowledge the improvement of society,' to the Lowell Silent Society, last Wednesday evening. Nearly all the deaf-mutes of this city attended. There had been many improvements in the Boston Society since he lectured on that subject there about a year ago."

Prof. Amos G. Draper and Nathaniel Field Morrow, B.A., are said to be in Boston now. Mr. J. O'Rourke, of Washington, D. C., is at Lowell.

The Bible Class and Prayer Meeting are closed until September.

The Boston and Hingham Steamboat Co. has kindly granted the deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity the fee of 30 cents for adults over 6 years old, to Nantasket Beach and return, July 22, or first pleasant day. It is expected that deaf-mutes from Lowell, Beverly, Salem, Worcester, Providence, and other places, will join with us.

The final meetings of the Bible Class and prayer meeting were held on the 28th ult. The deaf-mutes of the Bible Class gave their gratitude to their teacher, Mrs. Lynde, by the raising of their hands, and the hope of seeing her reap whatever she hath sown. The prayer meeting was one of unusual interest, with Principal Job Williams presiding and a larger audience. After Mr. Williams had spoken about the Good Samaritan, deep interest was felt in inquiring about children to their parents in obedience. This was begun by Mr.

A. W. Orcutt, who announced the difficulty of several persons to agree in this, and requested Mr. Williams to explain it. This was done, and the following is a brief statement:

As the Bible says, "Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right" (Eph. 6:1), it is clear that children must obey their parents in every thing that is obedient to God. Whenever the child knows the parents' commandment is wrong and contrary to the will of God, he has a right to refuse obedience, on the reason that it would be disobedience to Him. Should the child be forced to obey their parents in this respect, the matter rests upon God for reward. This shows love to both God and parents.

Prof. Wm. H. Weeks, of Hartford, preached, July 12th, an able sermon on "Does God forget to be merciful?" In his sermon, he referred to the fact that He did not forget to be merciful to us, deaf-mutes, by leading Rev. T. H. Gallaudet to start the first school for the deaf.

Prof. T. Brown, of Michigan, on the 19th inst. In case of inability, Mr. Wm. Bailey, of Beverly, will act as a substitute.

Eastern Indiana.

On Friday, July 19th, Amos French and family drove in a buggy, a distance of forty-two miles, to spend three days' visit with their brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Leach, of Fairmont. Mr. and Mrs. N. Kimball and Mrs. M. Mann called on them, and had a delightful time.

Prof. Chas. E. Gregory was in Fort Wayne to call on Mr. Sam. A. Heilbronner, and has gone to the famous resort at Rome City for two weeks for the benefit of his health.

Mr. Heilbronner left on the Fourth for Chicago, and expects to be gone three weeks.

Mike Toomey and wife, who have moved to Wolf Lake, and purchased a small farm, were in Fort Wayne on business.

There will be a grand Soldiers' Reunion held in the Fairground at Fort Wayne from the 19th to the 24th of August. The deaf-mutes of Northern and Eastern Indiana, will hold a reunion at Fort Wayne on August 21st to 24th. We can enjoy ourselves together in the Fairground at the time of the Soldiers' Reunion.

Cheap excursions will be run on all the routes leading to Fort Wayne, so we can avail ourselves of going on excursions. Let all friends and acquaintances come out and spend a few days' enjoyment in renewing their friendships of former years. The deaf-mutes in Indiana and abroad will be cordially invited by Mr. Heilbronner. It is said that Rev. A. W. Mann will conduct a service for the deaf-mutes on August 23d. A large number of the deaf-mutes will be expected to attend. Amos French and family and Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Leach will be present at the reunion, and help to make it a success.

A young man, named Davis, who lives eight miles east of Shelbyville, went to bed the other night in perfect health, and awoke in the morning blind and dumb. The case is a remarkable one, and is puzzling the doctors. DETROIT FRANCAISE.

July 4, '85.

Atlantic City.

I am awfully glad to see "Jim Jams" make his resurrection. May I ask one question again, which has not been answered yet, if the Hon. Ed. Beale had emigrated from Baltimore to St. Louis?

The Baltimore Fifth Regiment is coming down here in a few days for two weeks' vacation, and their tents are pitched between New Jersey and Virginia avenues, covering an area of half a mile. We will have a gay time when they come.

In this city lives a mute from Mr. Greenberger's improved lip-reading school of New York, named Mr. Harry E. Stevens. He has been a pupil of that Institution for eight or nine years, and his articulation is tolerably good.

Baltimore boys, how did the excursion prove? As the day was very pleasant in this city, I hope it was also pleasant in our Monumental City.

The only steam yacht in this place is Mr. G. G. Green's, of Woodbury, N. J., and is named after him. This gentleman, with his family, are at this hotel, where they expect to stay during the season.

Has Saddle's fishing party to Hartford county taken place yet?

A walk down the Beach would make some persons believe it to be a China Town.

Our Albion children's Hop last week was the most splendid of the season of '85, says the Atlantic Review.

Mrs. Wm. D. Gill lost her jewels and diamonds, valued to the extent of \$15,000. They have not been recovered yet. She does not feel very uneasy about it.

Bathing better than last week, and the sun has burnt off "Anti-Rep's" old nose and is blessing him with a new one.

So scarce is news at this resort to please the JOURNAL readers, "Anti-Rep" thinks he will be compelled to keep his letters short until he returns home.

8-11-'85 ANTI-REP.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

July 19th, Cincinnati, 9:30 a.m., Holy Communion.

" 19th, Cincinnati, 3:00 p.m.

" 26th, St. Louis.

Aug. 2d, Chicago.

Providence, R. I.

"Will it rain?" was the question asked by several deaf-mutes at the Providence Deaf-Mute Society's rooms on the glorious Fourth. Some said it would; others said it wouldn't, while those of a less prophetic but more philosophical disposition only answered, "If it rains, let it rain."

However, despite the indications especially in the evening it did not. According to a notice in the JOURNAL of last week, the hall was thrown open all day, and about eighteen deaf-mutes were present. They took advantage of the hospitality of several deaf-mutes by drinking lemonade, skillfully prepared by Mr. Levi A. Lester, as it was a hot day. Various games were played till 1 p.m., after which several of them went to the beautiful Roger Williams Park. The hall was again filled in the evening, while others witnessed the pyrotechnic display in Pawtucket, about four miles from Providence.

James Dolan and his sister were in Worcester.

Charles Campbell went to somewhere. Well, we don't want to be inquisitive.

J. H. Donnelly had a high old time in Lynn, Mass., with C. Letts, J. Lang and others. They met Supt. Pratt of the Ohio Institution.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Kinsman spent the Fourth with their old friend, Mrs. Follett. He returned to the hall in the evening.

Mr. Cole and Miss Bragg were seen promenading.

Mr. and Mrs. Dupres, of Woonsocket, made many friends in Providence. No one suspected they could understand a word of the English, though the couple "signed" precisely and beautifully.

George Legg ate clambakes at Rocky Point.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet greeted the deaf-mutes in the hall and talked about the Fourth.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Harry Fitch, of Norwich, Conn., is back at his post of bottling in Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. Badlong are pleasantly domiciled in their new house, furnished them by their son and daughter.

George Lord, of Worcester, a graduate of the Northampton School, was in Woonsocket on a visit to his uncle for a week.

The Albany Reunion will be represented by three deaf-mutes from Rhode Island.

Mrs. Follett has six boarders from Providence for the summer.

Erwin B. Aldrich informs us that potato bugs are scarce just now, and that he never uses Paris green.

Henry D. Stillman was greeted by a visit from his cousin on the Fourth, who said he knew several deaf-mutes in Troy, N. Y., his home.

We learn with regret that Mr. Chas. H. Steere has announced that he will not hold services again in the Providence Society's hall on Sunday. For nearly two years he has held services on almost every Sunday, and always tried to do his best under the circumstances. But it is hoped he will be prevailed on to do his sacred duty, no one else declining to do so. It is reported that he believed the deaf-mutes were ungrateful to him. He has evidently forgotten that he was but recently presented with a lounge by the deaf-mutes as a token of gratitude.

MULTUM PARVO.
RHODE ISLAND, July 9, 1885.

SCRANTON.

To-day is the Fourth of July, the day that the signing of Declaration of Independence took place long ago, and it was thought that shortly after that declaration, it would not be long lived. But many years have gone by since then, and instead of dying out, it grows in popularity every year—though the present generation will have passed long before the beautiful custom of the celebration of Independence Day is forgotten, and in every sense, to a great extent, every succeeding year, it is more generally observed. The sentiments of true patriotism still animate us, and we hold in reverence the memory of the men, who, with thirteen weak colonies and a population of three millions, unanimously in a desire by any means for a separate government made that declaration, and maintained it through seven years of war; were braves cast in the noblest mould. It should be celebrated as long as we live, the anniversary of that declaration. In this vicinity of late years, the making of a public demonstration, became out of practice, and the glorious work is once more revived, assuring us of its continuance hereafter in years. This morning, we, two unfortunate children of silence, "Mr. John Boland and I," standing on one of the corners of the principal thoroughfare, fancy we hear the murmur "news" from the newsboy and the cry of the boot-black "shine," and the music of the brass bands on the morning air. Now a few moments has gone by, and we notice a change of scene, men in uniform or regalia are going to and fro in preparation of the different societies for the procession.

Thousands of men and women crowd the street, and occupy places of vantage in the windows and doorways along the line of march, and American flags, small and large are everywhere, swinging to the breeze from the flag-staffs on the top of buildings, in the windows and doors, in the hands of men, women and children and in the coat-lapels of gentlemen.

LOCAL NEWS.
This afternoon the parents of Miss

Clancy, a former graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, have a party, of which the writer is one of the guests. They are respected by all those who know them, and their merry gathering to-day is in fact a jumbo picnic of their own, and we, the invited guests, will never forget the day we celebrate there.

Invitations to the closing exercises of the Pennsylvania Oral School for the Deaf and Dumb here, established about a year ago through private contributions, were issued on the 27th ult., and the *Scranton Republican* contained an article about it.

Mr. John Boland, a Sophomore of the National Deaf-Mute College, at Washington, D. C., is home now enjoying his vacation, and he is well spoken of by the college faculty.

The pupils of the Pennsylvania Institution arrived in the city on the 26th ult., and among the most intelligent looking pupils were Mr. Collins, of this place, and Misses Garbet and Dougherty, of Olyphant, Pa.

Mr. Garbet is glad that his sister is home, but he will not be so when she goes to Pittston to live with her aunts, as she has heretofore.

Mr. Christ, of Elmira, N. Y., and Mr. Cooper, of Waymart, Pa., are in town visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse O. Dolph were made happy on the 8th of May by the addition of one more child. It was a baby daughter.

A large book, worth six dollars, was presented to the association a few weeks ago, by Mr. Starkey.

Mr. Garbet, of Olyphant, is now learning the tailoring trade, instead of working in the mines.

Rev. Mr. Koehler held services at St. Luke's Church, on the 26th of last month.

Mr. Brennan, of Carbondale, is in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Arnold, of Carbondale, was in Olyphant, Pa., visiting relatives last month.

It is said that Mr. Decker and Mr. Eisele have become members of the Noy Ang Fire Company No. 1.

Mr. Avery, of Jermyn, has been about town lately, and is doing well in the agency business.

Mrs. Heyman, of New York City, is now at home in Plymouth.

Mr. Fleming, of Pittston, is in town for a day or so.

The writer would like to hear from Mr. William Raatz, a former comrade of his at school. His post-office address is Dunmore, Pa.

WM. BURGE.

WALLACE FOSTER'S WORK.

IN BEHALF OF THE DEAF VETERANS OF THE WAR.

From the Veterans' Review.

I herewith hand you a summary or report of the letters received last February in answer to a request made for an expression from ex-Union soldiers who had partially or wholly lost their hearing, from diseases or other causes, while in the service. The total number of letters received is sixty-nine. Twenty-three States and Territories are represented, as follows:

Branch of Service Represented:
53 Infantry. 5 Cavalry.
3 Artillery. 3 Navy.
5 Unknown.

Disability:
28 partially deaf in both ears.
8 totally deaf in one ear and partially in the other.
5 totally deaf in the right ear and partially in the left.
8 totally deaf in the left ear and partially in the right.
19 totally deaf in both ears.
1 partially in right ear.

Causes.
1 scurvy, exposure, and sun stroke.
2 exposure and typhoid fever.
3 gun shot wound.
1 typhoid fever and concussion.
15 concussion from artillery.
1 exposure and too much quinine.
15 exposure and catarrh.
2 exposure and mumps.
1 exposure after being wounded.
1 exposure and chronic inflammation of middle ear.

11 exposures, &c.
2 typhoid fever and catarrh.
1 explosion of shell.
2 accident.
1 sun-stroke.
2 measles.
2 chills, fever and too much quinine.
1 measles and typhoid fever.
2 concussion and injury.
3 exposure and concussion.

Pensions.
41 receive no pensions; 1 one dollar, 3 two; 2, four; 2, six; 3 eight; 2, nine; 1, ten; 7, thirteen; 2, seventeen; and 4 receive a pension, amount not stated.

In making the report, each case is represented in name, residence, Company and Regiment, remarks, etc., with a general review of disability, cause of disability, pension all the letters as to the peculiarities of the infirmity and the effect deafness has on the physical and mental condition of the comrade. In preparing the report it has been my aim to make it clear and impartial without any exaggeration, a true statement from the pen of those who have to bear the infirmity, and in a shape that any one can understand the situation of the deaf pensioner, etc.

Yours in F. C. & L.
WALLACE FOSTER.
Capt. Co. H. 13th, Regt. Ind. Vols.
Inf'ty.

THE CONVENTION.

To be Held at Albany, N. Y.

AUGUST 26, 27 AND 28.

In Geological Hall.

EXCURSION TO SARATOGA.

Hotel Rates.

The Tenth Biennial Convention of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes will be held on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 26th, 27th and

